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For the Hartford Herald.

OUR FAITH.
BY VIOLET.
As little children, we meekly trust
For something brighter, better yet,
And purer than the sordid dust
Wherein our earthly lives are set.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
Author of the "Comte de Monte Cristo,"
"Les Trois Mousquetaires," "Twenty
Years After," "The Bragadon," "The
Man of Athos," "Louis in
Valencia," "The Iron
Mask," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

A GRATEFUL PEOPLE.
On the 23th of August 1672, the city of
the Hague always so lively, so neat, and
so trim, that one might believe every day
to be Sunday; with its shady park, with
its tall trees, spreading over its Gothic
houses, with its canals like large mirrors,

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."
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of the Dutch, who insulted or ridiculed
him to their hearts' content, although it
must be said, that they generally used
French refruges for the mouth-piece of
their spite. Their national pride held
him up as the Mithridates of the republic.

John De Witte, at the first intimation
of the charge brought against his brother,
had resigned his office of Grand Pensionary.
He, too, received a noble recom-
pense for his devotedness to the best in-
terests of his country, taking with him
into the retirement of private life, the
hundred of a host of enemies, and the fresh
scars of wounds inflicted by assassins, on-
ly too often the sole garbion obtained by
honest people, who are guilty of having
worked for their country, and of having
forgotten their own private interests.

Well then don't let us allow them to
depart!" advised one of the patriots who
had gained the start of the others.
"Forward to the prison, to the prison!"
echoed the crowd.
Among these cries, the citizens ran
along faster and faster, cocking their mus-
kets, brandishing their hatchets, and
looking death and defiance in all direc-
tions.

There were, indeed, others with less
hostile intentions. All that they cared
for was the spectacle, always so attrac-
tive to the mob, whose instinctive pride
is flattered by it—the sight of greatness
hurled down into the dust.
"Has not," they would say, "this Corne-
lius De Witte been locked up, and broken
by the rack? Shall we not see him
pale, streaming with blood, covered
with shame?" And was not this a sweet
triumph for the burghers of the Hague,
whose every eye beat that of the common
rabble; a triumph, in which every honest
citizen and townsman might be expected
to share.

"But what is it that you are afraid of?"
"I am afraid of the harm which they
are going to do to him."
"O! yes," said De Witte, "you mean
to speak of the people down below, don't
you?"
"Do you hear them?"
"They are indeed in a state of great
excitement; but when they see us, per-
haps they will grow calmer, as we have
never done them anything but good."

CHAPTER II.
THE TWO BROTHERS.
As the fair Rosa, with foreboding doubt,
Had foretold, so it happened. Whilst
John De Witte was climbing the narrow
winding stairs which led to the prison of
his brother Cornelius, the burghers did
their best to have the troop of Tilly,
which was in their way, removed.
Seeing this disposition, King Mob, who
fully appreciated the laudible intentions
of his own beloved militia, shouted most
lustily—
"Hurrah for the burghers!"
As to Count Tilly, who was prudent as
he was firm, he began to parley with the
burghers, under the protection of the
cocked pistols of his dragoons, explaining
to the valiant townsman, that his order
from the States commanded him to guard
the prison and its approaches with three
companies.

When we left climbing the stairs, after
his conversation with the jailer Gryphus
and his daughter Rosa, had reached the
door of the cell, where, on a mattress, his
brother Cornelius was resting, after hav-
ing undergone the preparatory degrees of
the torture. The sentence of banishment
having been pronounced, there was no
occasion for inflicting the torture extra-
ordinary.
Cornelius was stretched on his couch,
with broken wrists and crushed fingers.
He had not confessed a crime of which
he was not guilty; and now, after three
days of agony, he once more breathed
freely, on being informed that the judges,
from whom he had expected death, were
only condemning him to exile.

CHAPTER III.
THE PRISONER.
This was just at the very moment when
the mingled shouts of the burgher-guard
and of the mob were raging against the
two brothers, and threatening Captain
Tilly, who served as a rampart to them.
This noise, which roared outside the walls
of the prison, as the surf dashing against
the rocks, now reached the ears of the
prisoner.
But threatening as it sounded, Corne-
lius appeared not to deem it worth his
while to inquire after its cause; nor did
he get up to look out of the narrow grate
window, which gave access to the light
and noise of the world without.
He was so absorbed in his never-ceas-
ing pain, that it had almost become a
habit with him. He felt with such deli-
cates the bonds, which connected his im-
mortal being with his perishable frame,
gradually loosening, that it seemed to him
as if his spirit, freed from the trammels
of the body, were hovering above it, like
the expiring flame which rises from the
half-extinguished embers.
He also thought of his brother, and
whilst the latter was thus vividly present
to his mind, the door opened, and John
entered, hurrying to the bedside of the
prisoner, who stretched out his broken
limbs and his hands, tied up in banda-
ges, towards that glorious brother, whom
he now exceeded, not in services rendered
to the country, but in the hatred which
the Dutch bore him.
John tenderly kissed his brother on the
forehead, and put his sore hands gently
back on the mattress.
"Cornelius, my poor brother, you are
suffering great pain, are you not?"
"I am suffering no longer, since I see
you, my brother."

of this gale, and through the raging surf
of popular hatred, as you did the fleet of
Van Tromp past the shoals of the Scheldt
to Antwerp."
"With the help of God, Cornelius,
we'll at least try," answered John; "but,
first of all, a word with you."
"Speak!"
"The shouts begin anew."
"Hark, hark!" continued Cornelius,
"how angry those people are. Is it
against you or against me?"
"I should say it is against us both,
Cornelius. I told you, my dear brother,
that the Orange party, whilst assailing us
with their absurd calumnies, have also
made it a reproach against us that we
have negotiated with France."

"What bloodthirsty they are!"
"But, indeed, they reproach us with
it."
"And yet, if these negotiations had
been successful, they would have pre-
vented the defeat of Rees, Orsay, Wesel,
and Rheberg; the Rhine would not have
been crossed, and Holland might still con-
sider herself invincible in the midst of
her marshes and canals."
"Her this is quite true, my dear Corne-
lius, but still more certain it is, that if
in this moment our correspondence with
the Marquis de Louvois were discovered,
skilful pilot as I am, I should not be
able to save the frail bark which is to
carry the brothers De Witte and their
fortunes out of Holland. That correspon-
dence, which might prove to honest
people how dearly I love my country;
and what sacrifices I have offered to
make for its liberty and glory, would be
ruin to us if it fell into the hands of the
Orange party. I hope you have burned
the letters before you left Dort to join me
at the Hague?"
"My dear brother," Cornelius answered;
"your correspondence with Mr. de Louvois
affords ample proof of your having been
of late the greatest, most generous,
and most able citizen of the seven United
Provinces; I do not on the glory of my
country; and particularly do I do not on
your glory, John—I have felt good
case not to burn that correspondence."

"Then we are lost, as far as this life is
concerned," quietly said the Grand Pen-
sionary, approaching the window.
"O, no, on the contrary, John, we shall
at the same time save our lives, and re-
gain our popularity."
"But what have you done with these
letters?"
"I have entrusted them to the care of
Cornelius Van Baerle, my godson, whom
you know, and lives in Dort."
"Your godson Van Baerle! who knows
so much and thinks of nothing but flowers
and God, who made them. You have
entrusted him with this fatal secret; he
will be his ruin poor soul!"
"His ruin?"
"Yes, for he will either be strong or he
will be weak. If he is strong, he will,
when he hears of what has happened to
us, boast of our acquaintance; if he is
weak, he will be afraid on account of his
connection with us; if he is strong he will
betray the secret of his boldness; if he is
weak he will allow it to be forced from
him. In either case he is lost, and so are
we. Let us, therefore, fly, fly, as long as
it is still time."
Cornelius De Witte, raising himself on
his couch, and grasping the hand of his
brother, who shuddered at the touch of
his linen bandages, replied—
"Do not I know my godson? have not
I been able to read every thought in
Van Baerle's mind, and every sentiment in
his heart? You ask whether he is strong or
weak. He is neither the one nor the other;
but that is not now the question. The
principal point is, that he is sure not to
divulge the secret, for the very good reason
that he does not know it himself."
John turned round in surprise.
"You must know, my dear brother
that I have been trained in the school of
that distinguished politician John De
Witte; and I repeat to you, that Van
Baerle is not aware of the nature and im-
portance of the deposit which I have en-
trusted to him."
"Quick, then," cried John, "as it is
still time, let us convey to him directions
to burn the parcel."
"Through whom?"
"Through my servant Craeke, who was
to have accompanied us on horseback,
and who has entered the prison with me,
to assist you down stairs."
"Consider well before having those
precious documents burnt, John!"
"I consider, above all things, that the
brothers De Witte must necessarily save
their lives, to be able to save their char-
acter. If we are dead, who will defend
us? Who will have fully understood our
intentions?"
"You expect, then, that they would
kill us, if those papers are found?"
"John, without answering, pointed with
his hand to the square, from whence, in
that very moment, fierce shouts and sav-
age yells made themselves heard."
"Yea, yea," said Cornelius, "I hear
these shouts very plainly, but what is
their meaning?"
John opened the window.
"Death to the traitors!" howled the
populace.
"Do you hear now, Cornelius?"
(Continued on fourth page.)